Will do among the foming bottles and ale washt wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such flaunders of this age,
Or else you may marueilously be mistooke.
Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster *and others.*

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commaundment,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herauld.

Hera. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well thē, we know thee, what should we know of thee?
Hera. My maisters minde.
King. Vnfold it.
Herald. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

Altho

Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperi
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfact
To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my ma
King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee back
And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Callis*: for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sickenesse much infeebled,
My Army lessoned, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me
I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guarde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our w
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood disc
So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are: